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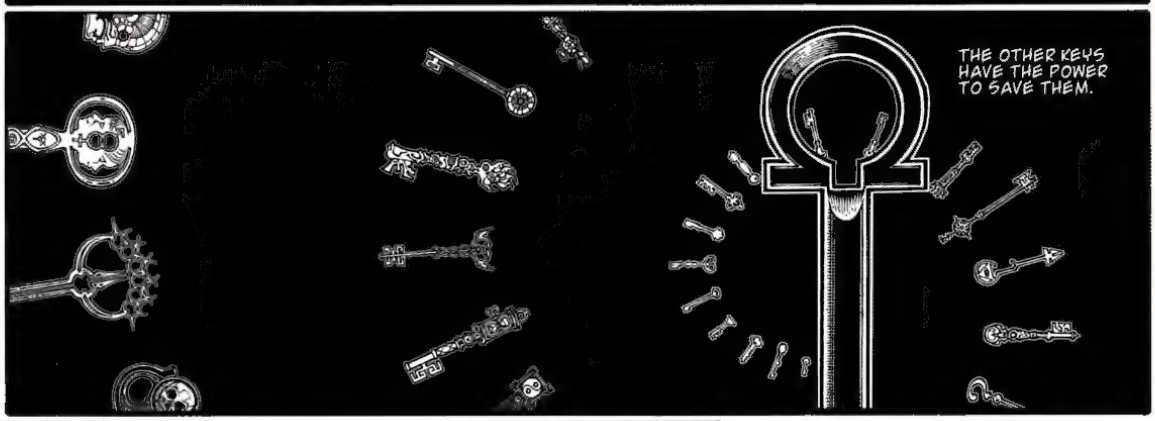

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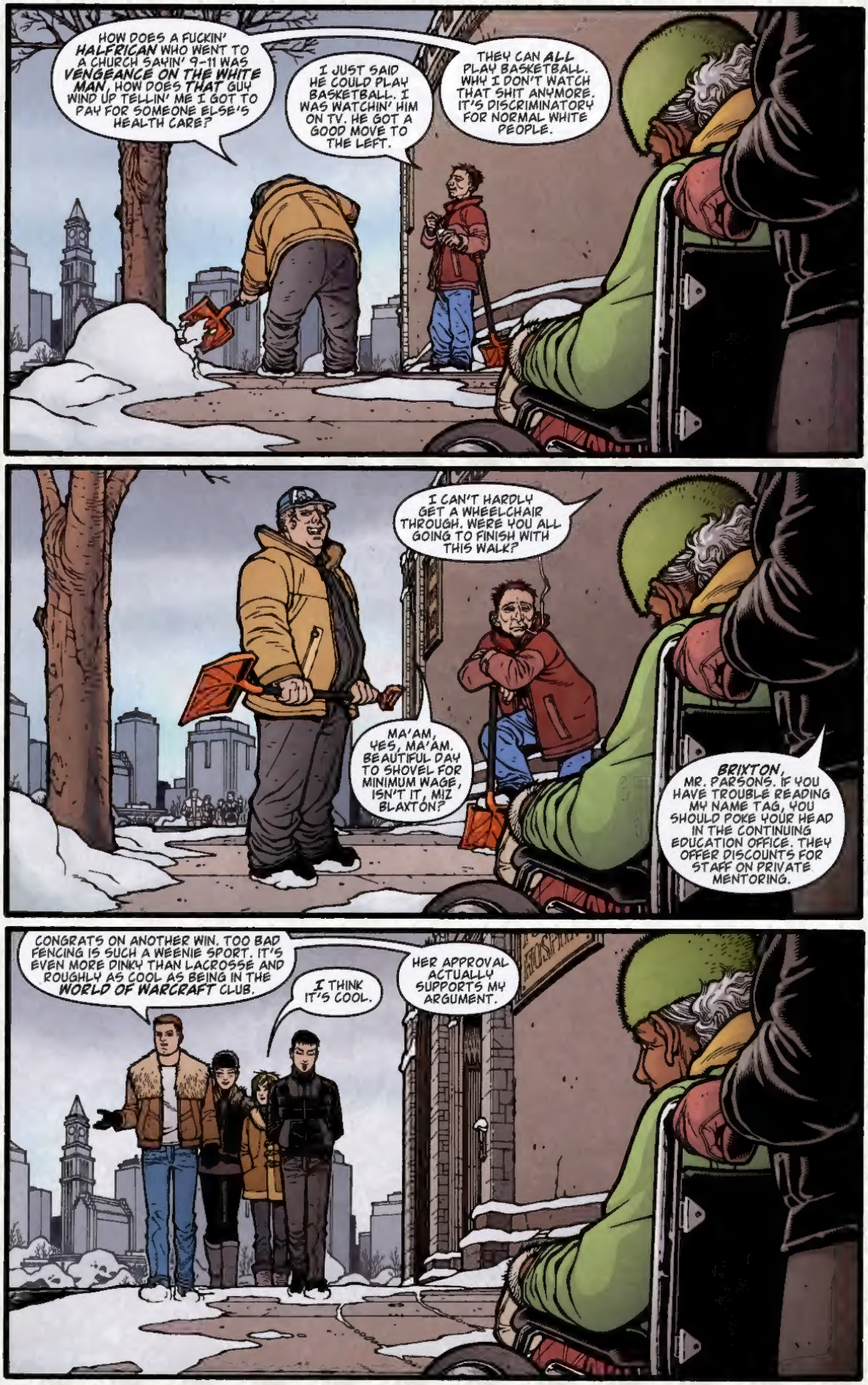
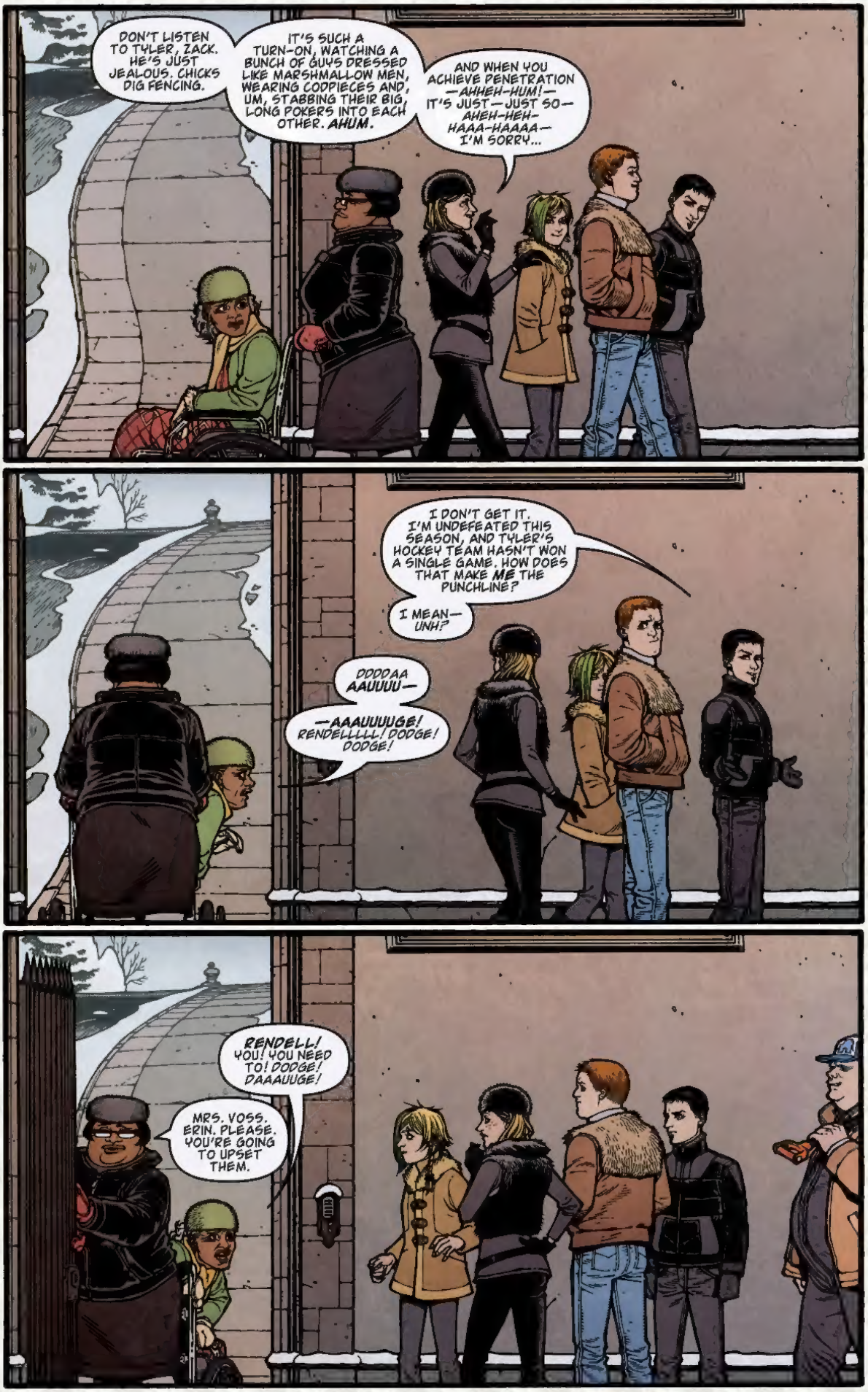
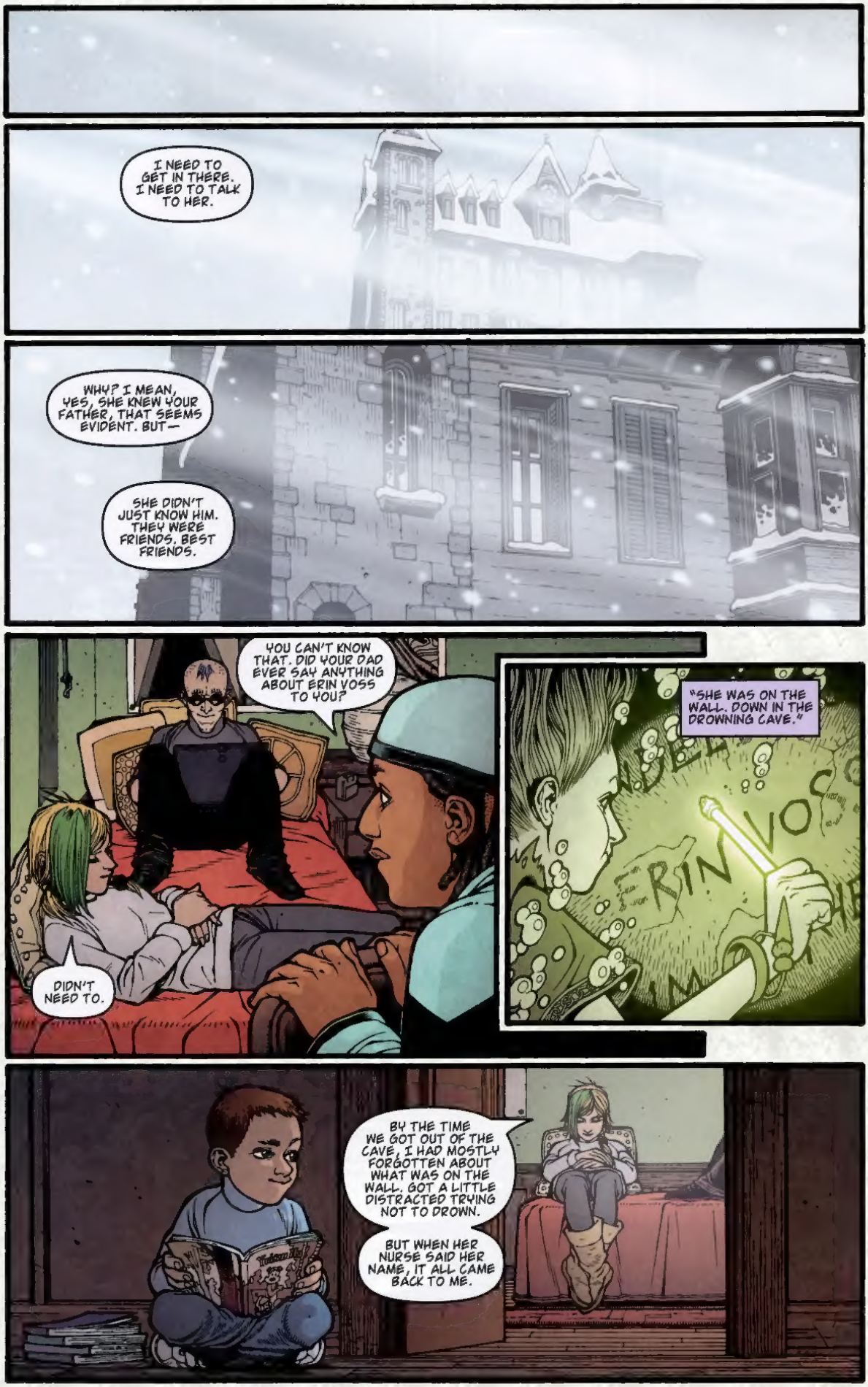

HOW DOES A FUCKIN' HALFRICAN WHO WENT TO A CHURCH SAYIN' 9-11 WAS VENGEANCE ON THE WHITE MAN, HOW DOES THAT GUY WIND UP TELLIN' ME I GOT TO PAY FOR SOMEONE ELSE'S HEALTH CARE?
I JUST SAID HE COULD PLAY BASKETBALL. I WAS WATCHIN' HIM ON TV. HE GOT A GOOD MOVE TO THE LEFT.
THEY CAN ALL PLAY BASKETBALL. WHY I DON'T WATCH THAT SHIT ANYMORE. IT'S DISCRIMINATORY FOR NORMAL WHITE PEOPLE.
I CAN'T HARDLY GET A WHEELCHAIR THROUGH. WERE YOU ALL GOING TO FINISH WITH THIS WALK?
MA'AM, YES, MA'AM. BEAUTIFUL DAY TO SHOVEL FOR MINIMUM WAGE, ISN'T IT, MIZ BLAXTON?
BRIXTON, MR. PARSONS. IF YOU HAVE TROUBLE READING MY NAME TAG, YOU SHOULD POKE YOUR HEAD IN THE CONTINUING EDUCATION OFFICE. THEY OFFER DISCOUNTS FOR STAFF ON PRIVATE MENTORING.
CONGRATS ON ANOTHER WIN. TOO BAD FENCING IS SUCH A WEENIE SPORT. IT'S EVEN MORE DINKY THAN LACROSSE AND ROUGHLY AS COOL AS BEING IN THE WORLD OF WARCRAFT CLUB.
I THINK IT'S COOL.
HER APPROVAL ACTUALLY SUPPORTS MY ARGUMENT.

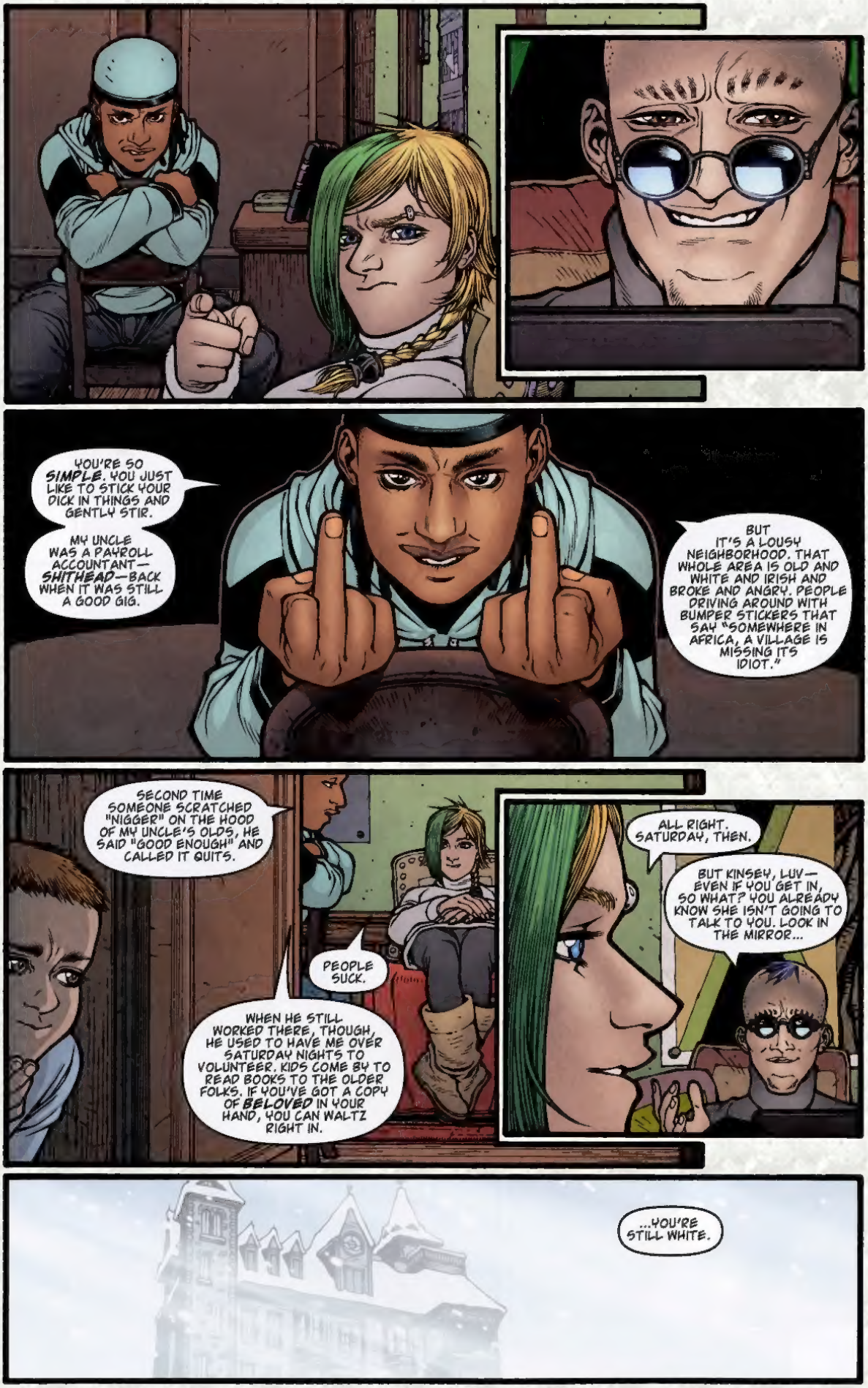

DON'T LISTEN TO TYLER, ZACK. HE'S JUST JEALOUS. CHICKS DIG FENCING.
IT'S SUCH A TURN-ON, WATCHING A BUNCH OF GUYS DRESSED LIKE MARSHMALLOW MEN, WEARING CODPIECES AND, UM, STABBING THEIR BIG, LONG POKERS INTO EACH OTHER. AHUM.
AND WHEN YOU ACHIEVE PENETRATION —AHHEH-HUM!— IT'S JUST—JUST SO— AHEH-HEH-HAAA-HAAAA— I'M SORRY...
I DON'T GET IT. I'M UNDEFEATED THIS SEASON, AND TYLER'S HOCKEY TEAM HASN'T WON A SINGLE GAME. HOW DOES THAT MAKE ME THE PUNCHLINE?
I MEAN— UNH?
DDDDAA AAUUUU—
—AAAUUUUGE! RENDELLLLL! DODGE! DODGE!
RENDELL! YOU! YOU NEED TO! DODGE! DAAAUUGE!
MRS. VOSS. ERIN. PLEASE. YOU'RE GOING TO UPSET THEM.

MRS. VOSS. ERIN VOSS? MY NAME IS KINSEY LOCKE. MY FATHER WAS RENDELL.
YOU TWO KNEW EACH OTHER, DIDN'T YOU? YOU WERE FRIENDS. YOU WENT DOWN IN THE CAVES TOGETHER. DO YOU REMEMBER KEYHOUSE? DO YOU REMEMBER—
NO! WHITE! WHITE!
WHITE!
YOU ALL WANT TO LEAVE THIS WOMAN BE, NOW.
WHY IS SHE SCARED OF ME? WHAT DID I DO?
AW, DON'T TAKE IT PERSONAL, DARLING. SHE'S GOT A MENTAL DEFORMITY. UNNATURALLY PREJUDICED AGAINST WHITE PEOPLE. GOES WITH THE TERRITORY. EVERYONE'S GOT SUMMIN IN THIS JOINT.
WHAT JOINT?
S'ON THE SIGN.

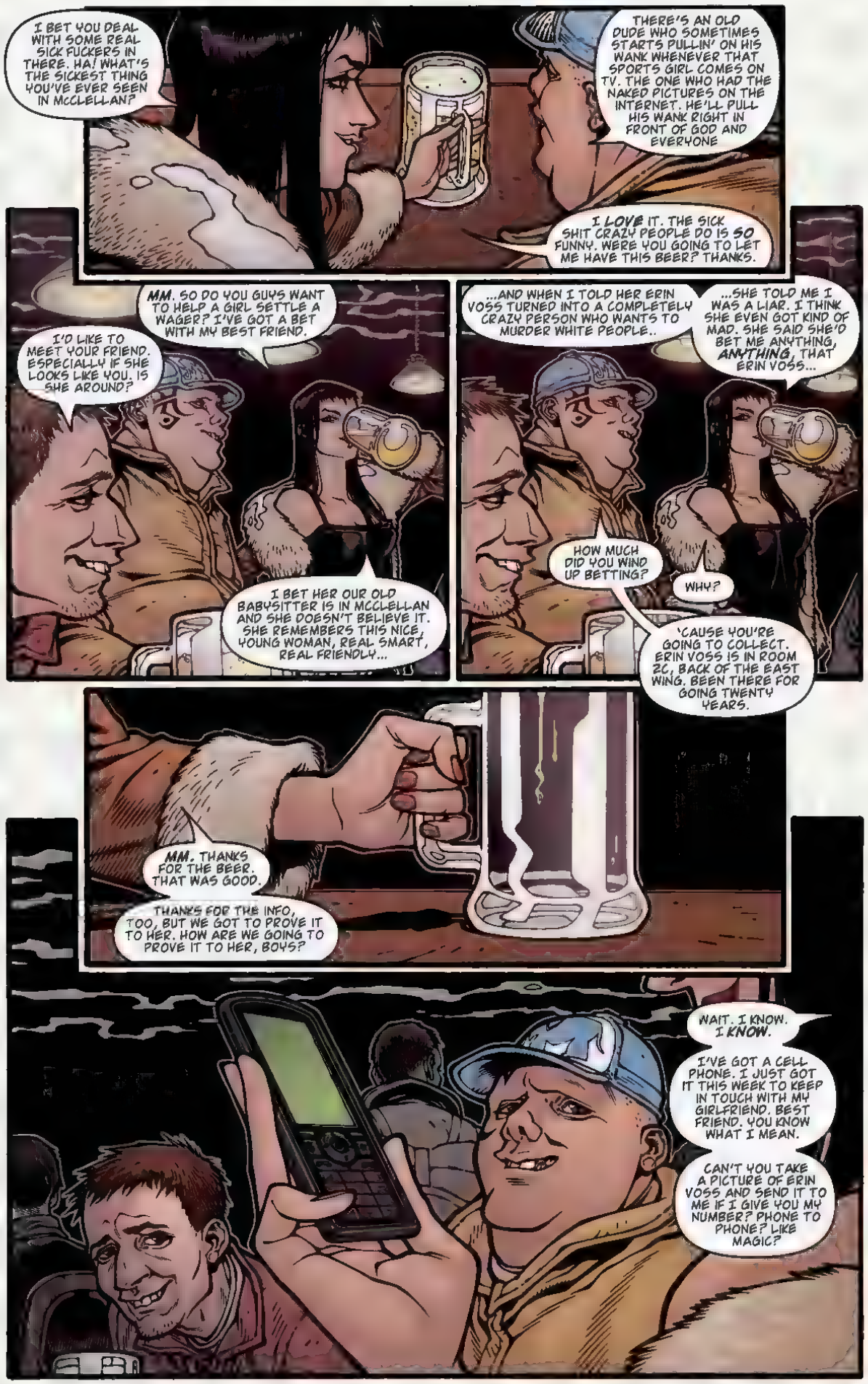
WHITE
Storytellers
JOE HILL &
GABRIEL RODRIGUEZ
McCLELLAN PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL
Colored by JAY FOTOS
Lettered by ROBBIE ROBBINS
Edited by CHRIS RYALL
Locke & Key created by J.H.+G.R.
TYLER. THAT WOMAN. SHE MIGHT KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT DAD. AND KEYHOUSE. AND... AND...
AND NOTHING. LET IT GO.
LET IT GO? WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?
I'M THINKING SHIT IS ALMOST NORMAL FOR ONCE AND I KIND OF LIKE IT. I'M THINKING I'VE ALREADY HAD ENOUGH CRAZY IN MY LIFE.
TYLER. WE CAN'T WALK AWAY FROM THIS.
WATCH ME.
YOU PLAY NANCY DREW IF YOU HAVE TO. JUST DEAL ME OUT.

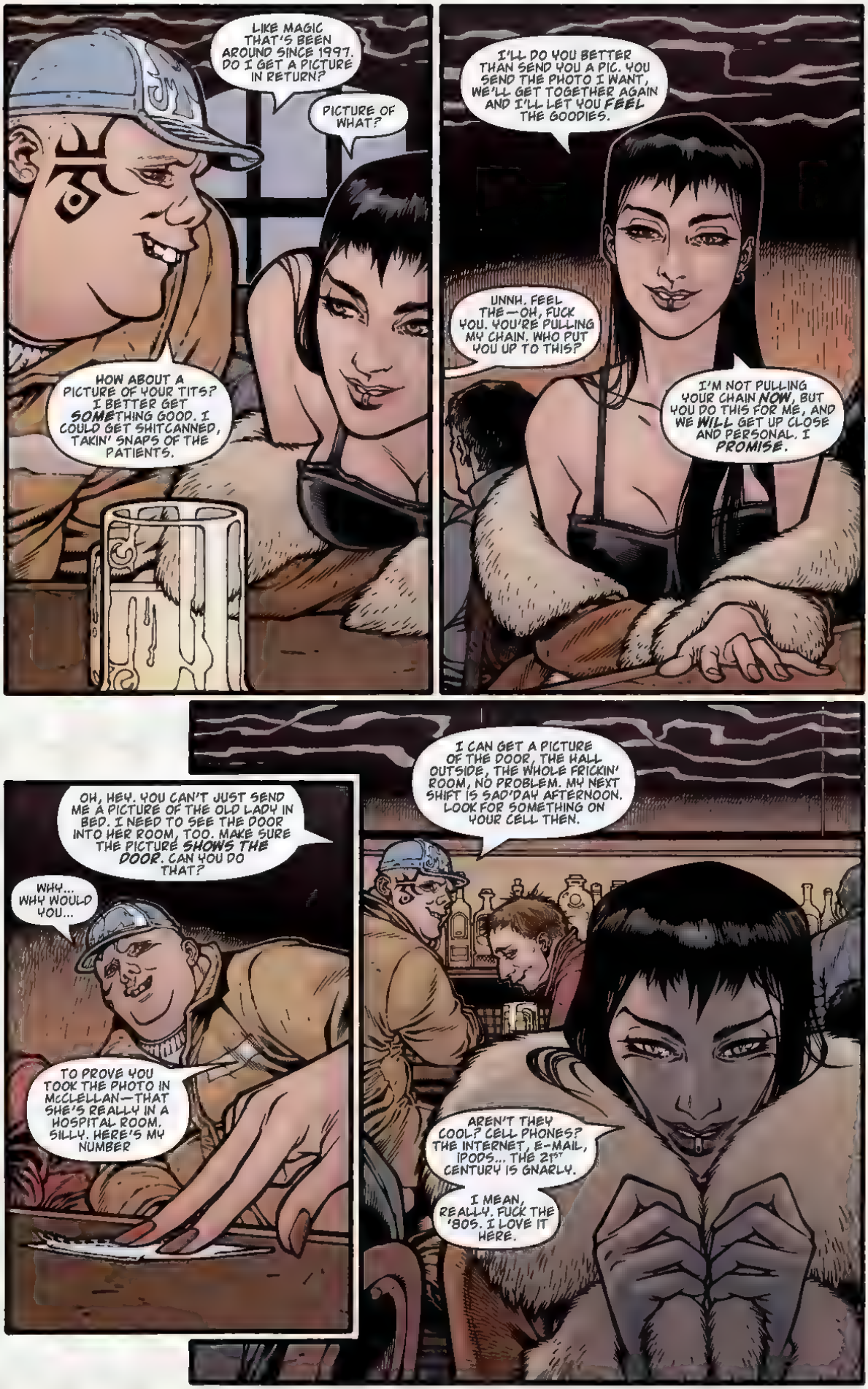

I NEED TO GET IN THERE. I NEED TO TALK TO HER.
WHY? I MEAN, YES, SHE KNEW YOUR FATHER, THAT SEEMS EVIDENT. BUT—
SHE DIDN'T JUST KNOW HIM. THEY WERE FRIENDS. BEST FRIENDS.
YOU CAN'T KNOW THAT. DID YOUR DAD EVER SAY ANYTHING ABOUT ERIN VOSS TO YOU?
DIDN'T NEED TO.
"SHE WAS ON THE WALL. DOWN IN THE DROWNING CAVE."
BY THE TIME WE GOT OUT OF THE CAVE, I HAD MOSTLY FORGOTTEN ABOUT WHAT WAS ON THE WALL. GOT A LITTLE DISTRACTED TRYING NOT TO DROWN.
BUT WHEN HER NURSE SAID HER NAME, IT ALL CAME BACK TO ME.

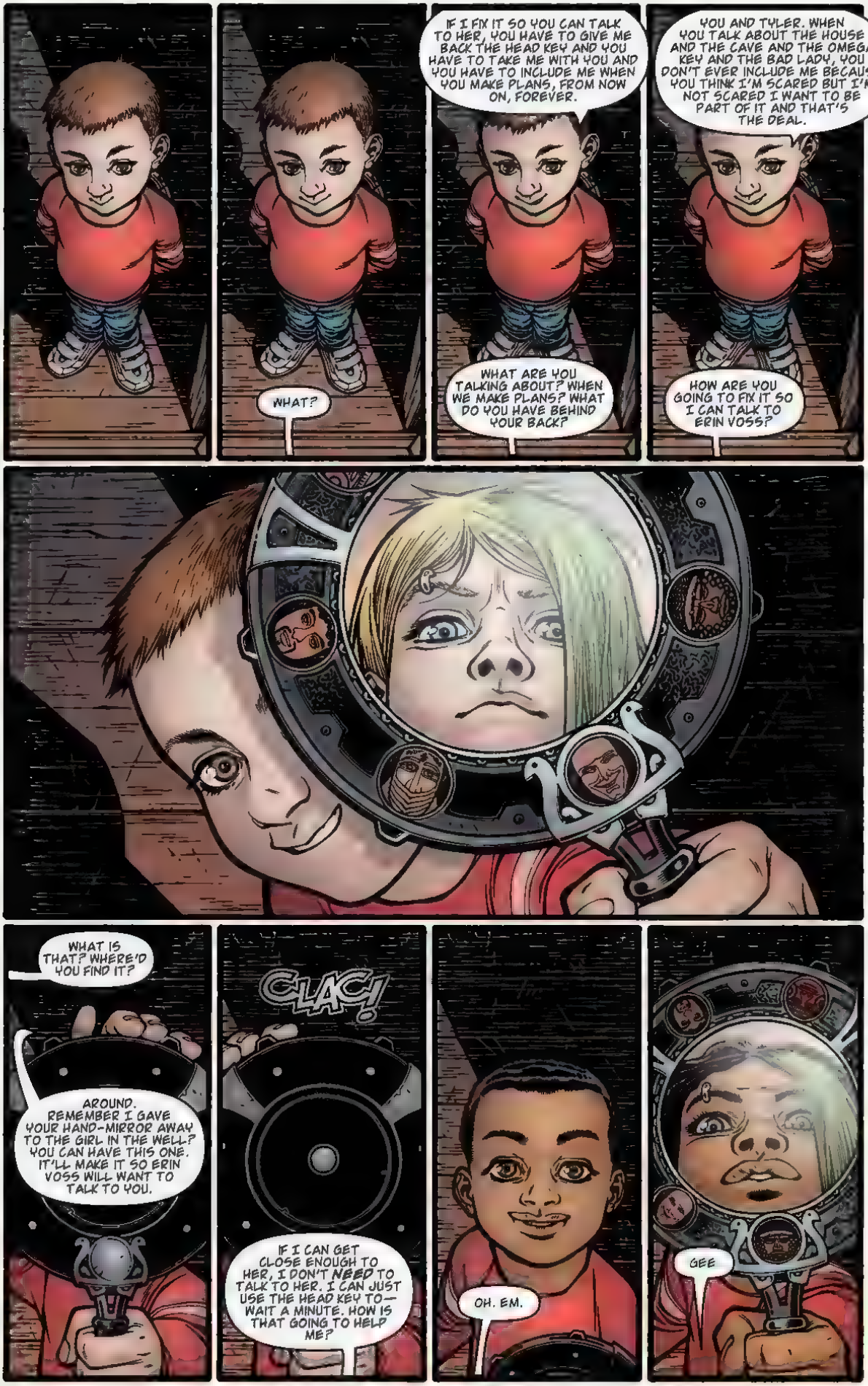
I GUESS I STILL DON'T GET WHY YOU WANT TO TALK TO HER. I MEAN, EVEN IF SHE WAS CLOSE TO YOUR FATHER IN HIGH SCHOOL... WHAT COULD SHE POSSIBLY TELL YOU THAT YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT?
MY DAD DIDN'T TALK MUCH ABOUT GOING TO LOVECRAFT ACADEMY. I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT WAS BECAUSE HIS MOTHER DIED WHEN HE WAS IN HIGH SCHOOL AND HE WAS SAD ABOUT IT.
BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING ELSE. I KNOW THERE WAS SOMETHING ELSE. AND I THINK THIS ERIN VOSS MIGHT BE ABLE TO TELL ME WHAT.
EVEN IF SHE DOES KNOW SOMETHING, AND YOU COULD GET IN THERE, DOESN'T SOUND LIKE SHE'D WANT TO SHARE IT WITH YOU...
..WHITEY.
THAT WAS THE WORST PART. SHE COULDN'T HANDLE THE SIGHT OF US. SHE LOOKED AT US AND SAW A LYNCH MOB.
IN HER MIND WE WERE... CRIMINALS— WE WERE DANGEROUS— JUST 'CAUSE OF THE COLOR OF OUR SKIN. HOW SCREWED UP IS THAT?
THERE ARE SO MANY IRONIC STATEMENTS I COULD INSERT INTO THE CONVERSATION AT THIS POINT, I CAN'T CHOOSE BETWEEN THEM.
NOW WAIT A MINUTE THERE, MATE. YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT RACISM. THE PROBLEM WITH THE DAME IN McCLELLAN IS THAT SHE'S COMPLETELY MENTAL.
I RATHER THINK ONE THING IS DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHER.
SURE, IT'S DIFFERENT. 'CAUSE THE SHOE IS ON THE OTHER FOOT.
WHITE PEOPLE AREN'T USED TO DUDES MAKING BROAD, SWEEPING GENERALIZATIONS ABOUT THEM. THEY'RE MORE COMFORTABLE BEING THE ONES WHO GENERALIZE. THE MAJORITY ALWAYS IS.
I KIND OF WALKED INTO THIS ONE, HUH?
STILL. IT'S FUNNY TO THINK ERIN VOSS USED TO BE FRIENDS WITH MY DAD— WHO WAS SO WHITE HE'D SING ALONG TO PETER CETERA—AND NOW THE SIGHT OF WHITE PEOPLE IS ENOUGH TO KICK OFF A SCREAMING FIT.
I HAVE TO GET IN THERE. EITHER OF YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHERE I CAN GET A GRAPPLING HOOK AND SOME ROPE?
YOU CAN SKIP THAT. IT'S NOT EXACTLY A HIGH-SECURITY INSTALLATION. MY UNCLE USED TO WORK THERE.
NO SHIT? LIKE AS WHAT? JANITOR OR SOMETHING?

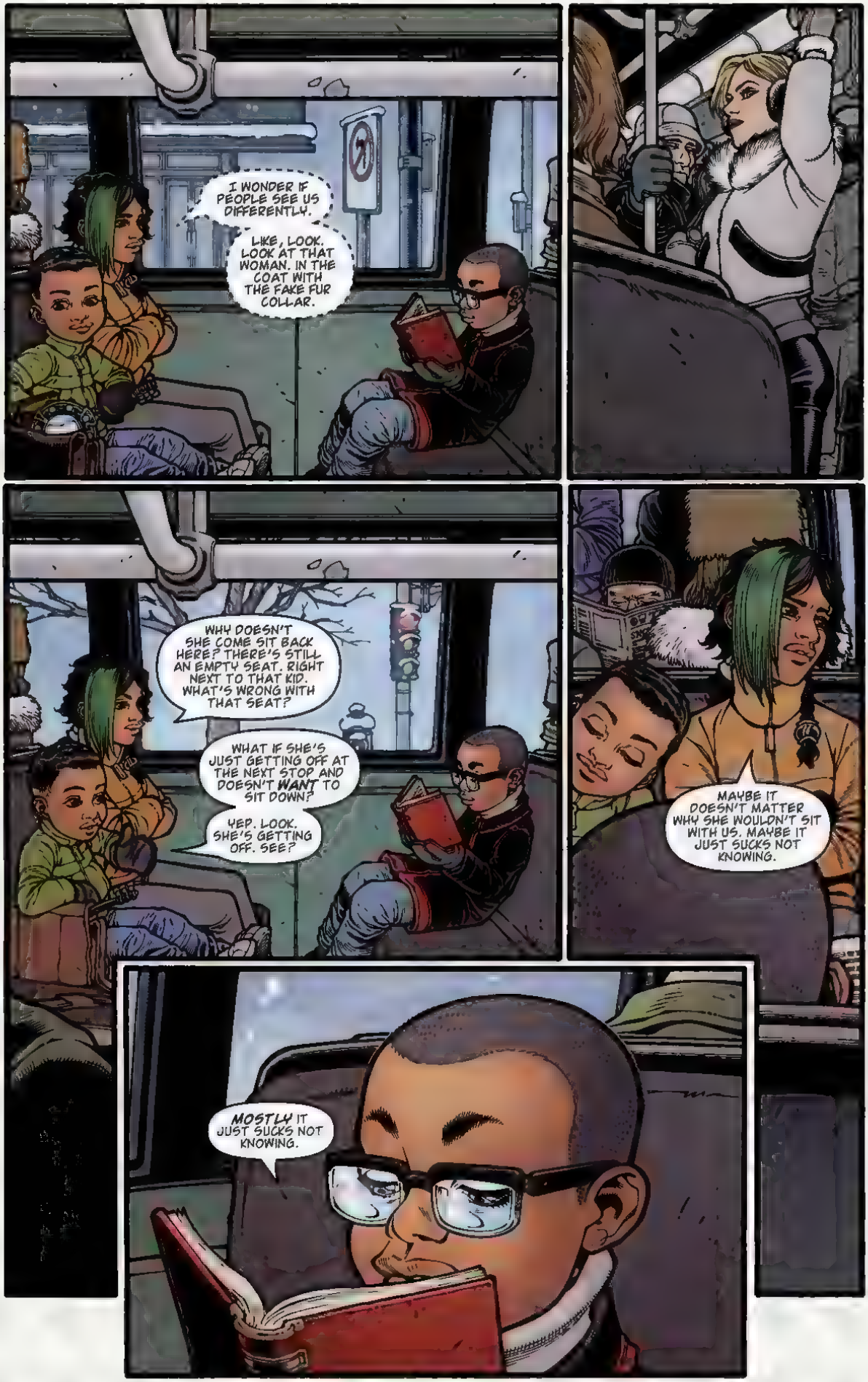

YOU'RE SO SIMPLE. YOU JUST LIKE TO STICK YOUR DICK IN THINGS AND GENTLY STIR.
MY UNCLE WAS A PAYROLL ACCOUNTANT—SHITHEAD—BACK WHEN IT WAS STILL A GOOD GIG.
BUT IT'S A LOUSY NEIGHBORHOOD. THAT WHOLE AREA IS OLD AND WHITE AND IRISH AND BROKE AND ANGRY. PEOPLE DRIVING AROUND WITH BUMPER STICKERS THAT SAY "SOMEWHERE IN AFRICA, A VILLAGE IS MISSING ITS IDIOT."
SECOND TIME SOMEONE SCRATCHED "NIGGER" ON THE HOOD OF MY UNCLE'S OLDS, HE SAID "GOOD ENOUGH" AND CALLED IT QUITS.
PEOPLE SUCK.
WHEN HE STILL WORKED THERE, THOUGH, HE USED TO HAVE ME OVER SATURDAY NIGHTS TO VOLUNTEER. KIDS COME BY TO READ BOOKS TO THE OLDER FOLKS. IF YOU'VE GOT A COPY OF BELOVED IN YOUR HAND, YOU CAN WALTZ RIGHT IN.
ALL RIGHT. SATURDAY, THEN.
BUT KINSEY, LUV—EVEN IF YOU GET IN, SO WHAT? YOU ALREADY KNOW SHE ISN'T GOING TO TALK TO YOU. LOOK IN THE MIRROR...
...YOU'RE STILL WHITE.

THE FUCK YOU TALKING ABOUT? LEATHERFACE WOULD KICK THE SHIT OUT OF FREDDY KRUEGER. IT'S UNREALISTIC TO EVEN IMAGINE IT'D BE A FIGHT.
THE CHAINSAW GUY HAS 150 POUNDS ON ROBERT ENGLUND, EASY. NOW I'M A BIG MOTHERFUCKER. I DON'T CARE IF A GUY DOES HAVE KNIVES FOR FINGERS. NOT GOOD ENOUGH.
YOU PUT ME IN A RING WITH SOME WHIPPY-THIN BITCH LIKE FREDDY, I DON'T CARE IF HE'S GOT A FISTFUL OF KNIVES. LET HIM POKE ME A COUPLE TIMES. I'LL TAKE HIS LITTLE STICKERS AWAY AND KNIFE-FUCK HIM IN THE ASS.
HAVE YOU EVER EVEN SEEN ANY OF THESE MOVIES? LIKE, FREDDY—HE'S MADE OUT OF BAD DREAMS. HE'D COME OUT OF NOWHERE AND YANK YOU INTO HIS NIGHTMARE WORLD WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT IT.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN ABOUT, YANK ME INTO THE NIGHTMARE WORLD?
I ALREADY MOP THE FLOORS THERE. MY WHOLE SHITTY LIFE IS ONE BIG, LONG, UNDERPAID BAD DREAM, PULLIN' WEEKEND SHIFTS IN MCCLELLAN, SURROUNDED BY PANTS-SHITTING LUNATICS AND TAKIN' ORDERS FROM SMART-MOUTH, OVEREDUCATED NIG—
MCCLELLAN, YOU WORK THERE, DON'T YOU?
HEL—LO THERE.
UNNNH... WHAT'D YOU SAY?
MCCLELLAN HOSPITAL. I NOTICED YOUR OUTFITS WHEN I CAME IN.

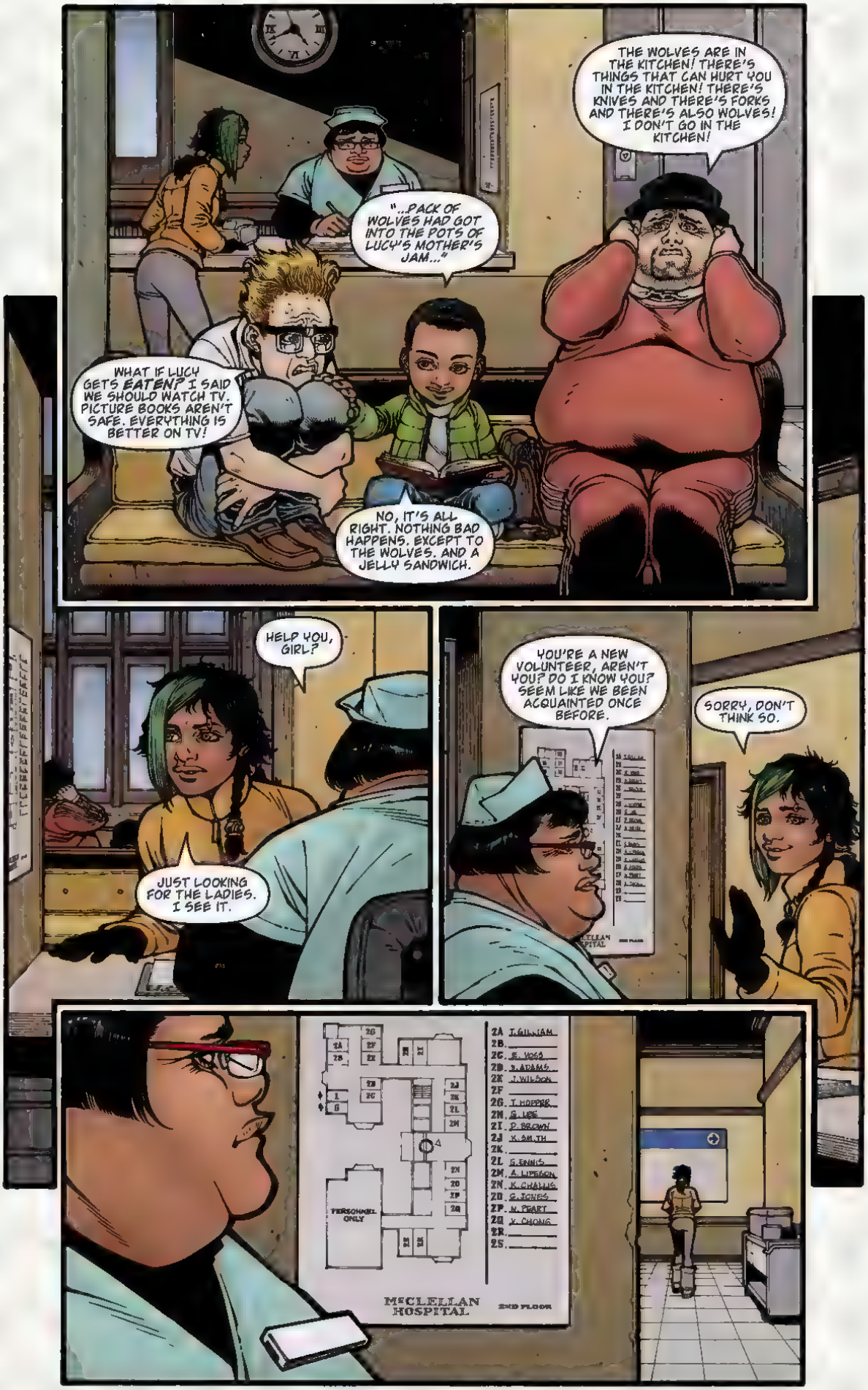

I BET YOU DEAL WITH SOME REAL SICK FUCKERS IN THERE. HA! WHAT'S THE SICKEST THING YOU'VE EVER SEEN IN MCCLELLAN?
THERE'S AN OLD DUDE WHO SOMETIMES STARTS PULLIN' ON HIS WANK WHENEVER THAT SPORTS GIRL COMES ON TV. THE ONE WHO HAD THE NAKED PICTURES ON THE INTERNET. HE'LL PULL HIS WANK RIGHT IN FRONT OF GOD AND EVERYONE
I LOVE IT. THE SICK SHIT CRAZY PEOPLE DO IS SO FUNNY. WERE YOU GOING TO LET ME HAVE THIS BEER? THANKS.
MM. SO DO YOU GUYS WANT TO HELP A GIRL SETTLE A WAGER? I'VE GOT A BET WITH MY BEST FRIEND.
I'D LIKE TO MEET YOUR FRIEND. ESPECIALLY IF SHE LOOKS LIKE YOU. IS SHE AROUND?
I BET HER OUR OLD BABYSITTER IS IN MCCLELLAN AND SHE DOESN'T BELIEVE IT. SHE REMEMBERS THIS NICE, YOUNG WOMAN, REAL SMART, REAL FRIENDLY...
...AND WHEN I TOLD HER ERIN VOSS TURNED INTO A COMPLETELY CRAZY PERSON WHO WANTS TO MURDER WHITE PEOPLE..
...SHE TOLD ME I WAS A LIAR. I THINK SHE EVEN GOT KIND OF MAD. SHE SAID SHE'D BET ME ANYTHING, ANYTHING, THAT ERIN VOSS...
HOW MUCH DID YOU WIND UP BETTING?
WHY?
'CAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO COLLECT. ERIN VOSS IS IN ROOM 2C, BACK OF THE EAST WING. BEEN THERE FOR GOING TWENTY YEARS.
MM. THANKS FOR THE BEER. THAT WAS GOOD.
THANKS FOR THE INFO, TOO, BUT WE GOT TO PROVE IT TO HER. HOW ARE WE GOING TO PROVE IT TO HER, BOYS?
WAIT. I KNOW. I KNOW.
I'VE GOT A CELL PHONE. I JUST GOT IT THIS WEEK TO KEEP IN TOUCH WITH MY GIRLFRIEND. BEST FRIEND. YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
CAN'T YOU TAKE A PICTURE OF ERIN VOSS AND SEND IT TO ME IF I GIVE YOU MY NUMBER? PHONE TO PHONE? LIKE MAGIC?


LIKE MAGIC THAT'S BEEN AROUND SINCE 1997. DO I GET A PICTURE IN RETURN?
PICTURE OF WHAT?
HOW ABOUT A PICTURE OF YOUR TITS? I BETTER GET SOMETHING GOOD. I COULD GET SHITCANNED, TAKIN' SNAPS OF THE PATIENTS.
I'LL DO YOU BETTER THAN SEND YOU A PIC. YOU SEND THE PHOTO I WANT, WE'LL GET TOGETHER AGAIN AND I'LL LET YOU FEEL THE GOODIES.
UNNH. FEEL THE—OH, FUCK YOU. YOU'RE PULLING MY CHAIN. WHO PUT YOU UP TO THIS?
I'M NOT PULLING YOUR CHAIN NOW, BUT YOU DO THIS FOR ME, AND WE WILL GET UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL. I PROMISE.
I CAN GET A PICTURE OF THE DOOR, THE HALL OUTSIDE, THE WHOLE FRICKIN' ROOM, NO PROBLEM. MY NEXT SHIFT IS SAT'DAY AFTERNOON. LOOK FOR SOMETHING ON YOUR CELL THEN.
OH, HEY. YOU CAN'T JUST SEND ME A PICTURE OF THE OLD LADY IN BED. I NEED TO SEE THE DOOR INTO HER ROOM, TOO. MAKE SURE THE PICTURE SHOWS THE DOOR. CAN YOU DO THAT?
WHY... WHY WOULD YOU...
TO PROVE YOU TOOK THE PHOTO IN MCCLELLAN—THAT SHE'S REALLY IN A HOSPITAL ROOM. SILLY. HERE'S MY NUMBER
AREN'T THEY COOL? CELL PHONES? THE INTERNET, E-MAIL, IPODS... THE 21ST CENTURY IS GNARLY.
I MEAN, REALLY. FUCK THE '80S. I LOVE IT HERE.


WHAT?
IF I FIX IT SO YOU CAN TALK TO HER, YOU HAVE TO GIVE ME BACK THE HEAD KEY AND YOU HAVE TO TAKE ME WITH YOU AND YOU HAVE TO INCLUDE ME WHEN YOU MAKE PLANS, FROM NOW ON, FOREVER.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WHEN WE MAKE PLANS? WHAT DO YOU HAVE BEHIND YOUR BACK?
YOU AND TYLER. WHEN YOU TALK ABOUT THE HOUSE AND THE CAVE AND THE OMEGA KEY AND THE BAD LADY, YOU DON'T EVER INCLUDE ME BECAUSE YOU THINK I'M SCARED BUT I'M NOT SCARED I WANT TO BE PART OF IT AND THAT'S THE DEAL.
HOW ARE YOU GOING TO FIX IT SO I CAN TALK TO ERIN VOSS?
WHAT IS THAT? WHERE'D YOU FIND IT?
AROUND. REMEMBER I GAVE YOUR HAND-MIRROR AWAY TO THE GIRL IN THE WELL? YOU CAN HAVE THIS ONE. IT'LL MAKE IT SO ERIN VOSS WILL WANT TO TALK TO YOU.
CLAC!
IF I CAN GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO HER, I DON'T *NEED* TO TALK TO HER. I CAN JUST USE THE HEAD KEY TO— WAIT A MINUTE. HOW IS THAT GOING TO HELP ME?
OH. EM.
GEE


I WONDER IF PEOPLE SEE US DIFFERENTLY.
LIKE, LOOK. LOOK AT THAT WOMAN. IN THE COAT WITH THE FAKE FUR COLLAR.
WHY DOESN'T SHE COME SIT BACK HERE? THERE'S STILL AN EMPTY SEAT. RIGHT NEXT TO THAT KID. WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT SEAT?
WHAT IF SHE'S JUST GETTING OFF AT THE NEXT STOP AND DOESN'T *WANT* TO SIT DOWN?
YEP. LOOK. SHE'S GETTING OFF. SEE?
MAYBE IT DOESN'T MATTER WHY SHE WOULDN'T SIT WITH US. MAYBE IT JUST SUCKS NOT KNOWING.
MOSTLY IT JUST SUCKS NOT KNOWING.

NOT EVEN FOUR IN THE AFTERNOON AND IT'S ALREADY HALFWAY DARK. NEW ENGLAND.
DO YOU THINK IT'S SAFE HERE? JAMAL SAID THIS IS A BAD PLACE.
LITTLE EAVESDROPPER. WE'LL TAKE A CAB BACK SO WE DON'T HAVE TO WAIT AROUND FOR THE BUS, HOW'S THAT? NOW, C'MON. LET'S GO SEE MISS VOSS AND GET THIS OVER WITH.
LET'S GET THIS SHIT UNDERWAY.
OKAY, BUT, DUDE. TRY NOT TO GET HER RILED UP. YOU KNOW HOW MUCH NOISE SHE MAKES WHEN SHE'S FREAKING OUT.
CALM THE FUCK DOWN. THIS WILL BE OVER IN TWO MINUTES. JUST MAKE SURE NO ONE BOTHERS US.
I DON'T WANT ANYONE COMING THROUGH THIS DOOR BEHIND ME.


THE WOLVES ARE IN THE KITCHEN! THERE'S THINGS THAT CAN HURT YOU IN THE KITCHEN! THERE'S KNIVES AND THERE'S FORKS AND THERE'S ALSO WOLVES! I DON'T GO IN THE KITCHEN!
"...PACK OF WOLVES HAD GOT INTO THE POTS OF LUCY'S MOTHER'S JAM..."
WHAT IF LUCY GETS EATEN? I SAID WE SHOULD WATCH TV. PICTURE BOOKS AREN'T SAFE. EVERYTHING IS BETTER ON TV!
NO, IT'S ALL RIGHT. NOTHING BAD HAPPENS. EXCEPT TO THE WOLVES. AND A JELLY SANDWICH.
HELP YOU, GIRL?
JUST LOOKING FOR THE LADIES. I SEE IT.
YOU'RE A NEW VOLUNTEER, AREN'T YOU? DO I KNOW YOU? SEEM LIKE WE BEEN ACQUAINTED ONCE BEFORE.
SORRY, DON'T THINK SO.
PERSONNEL ONLY
2A T. GILLIAM
2B.
2C. E. VOSS
2D. S. ADAMS
2E J. WILSON
2F
2G. T. HOPPER
2H. G. LEE
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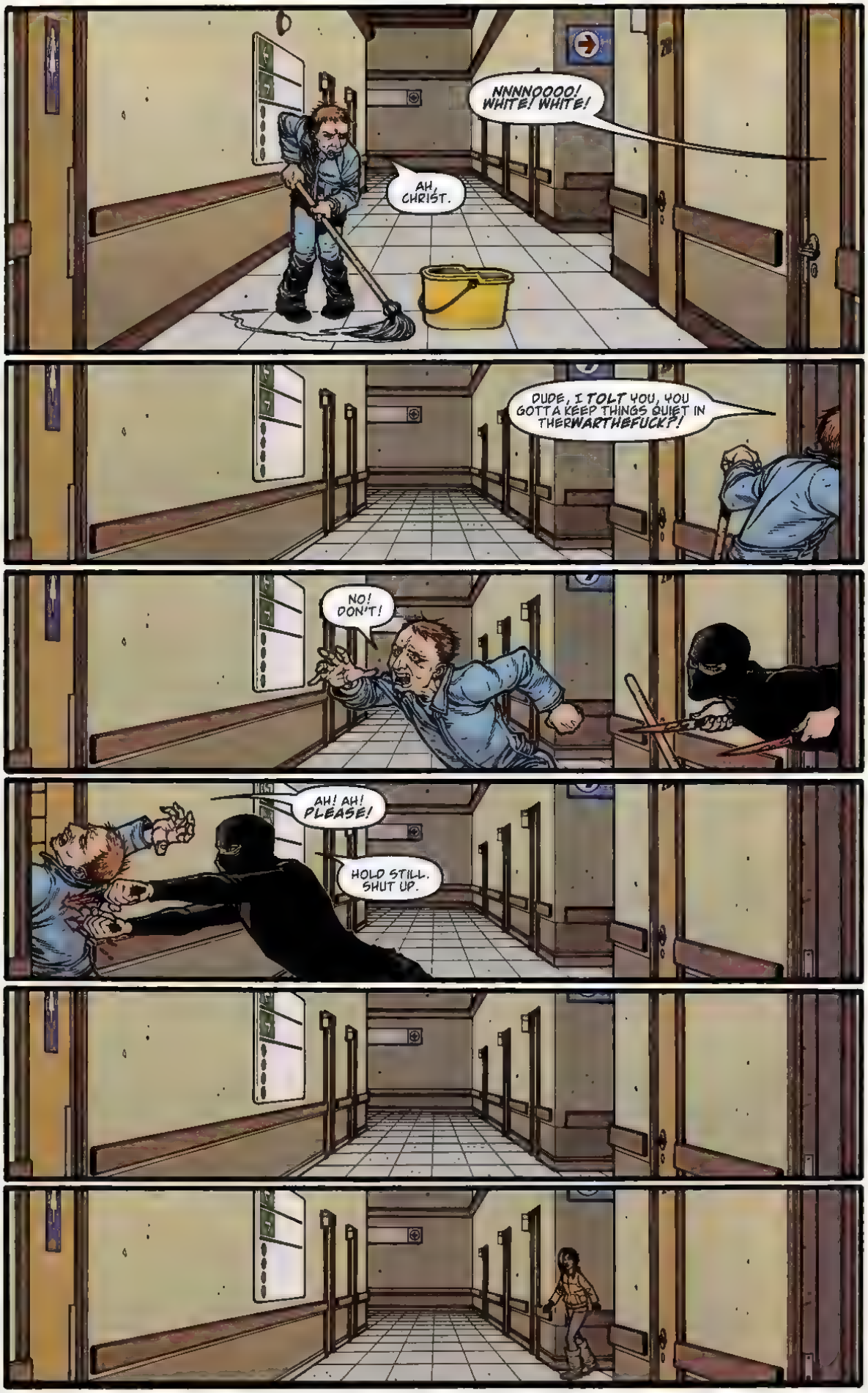
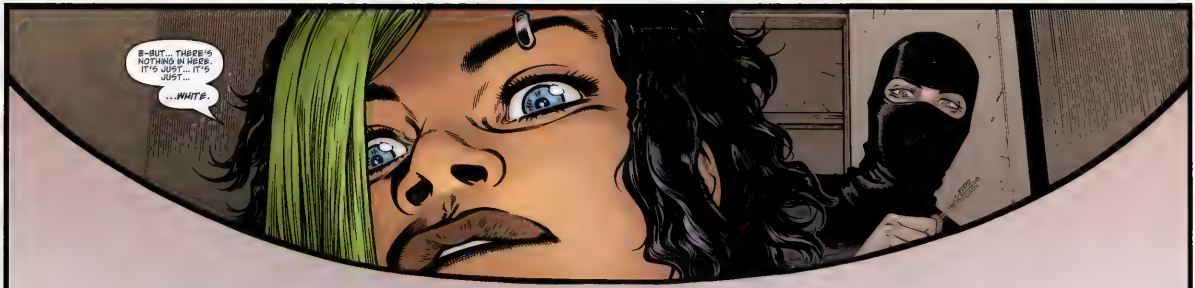
2O. C. JONES
2P. N. PEART
2Q Y. CHONG
2R.
2S.
McCLELLAN HOSPITAL
2ND FLOOR

WHAT A WASTE OF RESOURCES YOU ARE, WOMAN. DO YOU DO ANYTHING BESIDES SLEEP AND EAT?
ACTUALLY—HEH. THAT'S LIKE 90% OF THE BLACK PEOPLE I KNOW, RIGHT THERE.
ALL RIGHT. TIME TO SMILE AND SAY "BOOBIES," YOU OUL' BITCH.
I WOULD'VE COME SOONER, BUT YOU KNOW HOW THE ANYWHERE KEY WORKS. I HAVE TO BE ABLE TO VISUALIZE WHERE I'M GOING.
OR DO YOU KNOW? THAT'S THE PROBLEM, ISN'T IT? I THOUGHT I CLEANED YOU OUT. YOU SHOULDN'T KNOW ANYTHING. BUT YOU SAW TYLER AND THOUGHT "RENDELL."
HELLO, ERIN
MMMNNNN!
IF YOU REMEMBER ANYTHING, IT'S A PROBLEM. I CAN'T HAVE ANY RISKS TO MY IDENTITY. NOT WHEN I'M SO CLOSE TO OPENING THE BLACK DOOR AND BRINGING THEM THROUGH.
NO. NO. P-PLEASE. IT'S—IT'S—WHITE.


NNNNOOOO! WHITE! WHITE!
AH, CHRIST.
DUDE, I TOLT YOU, YOU GOTTA KEEP THINGS QUIET IN THERWARTHEFUCK?!
NO! DON'T!
AH! AH! PLEASE!
HOLD STILL. SHUT UP.

MISS VOSS?
WHITE. IT'S WHITE. DODGE.
MISS VOSS, THIS IS A TERRIBLE INVASION OF YOUR PRIVACY... IT'S JUST THE ONLY WAY. IF MY WHOLE FAMILY WASN'T IN DANGER, I WOULDN'T, I WOULDN'T EVER. BUT... IF YOU REALLY WERE MY DAD'S FRIEND, I KNOW YOU'D WANT TO HELP US.
DODGE. DODGE.
THANK YOU.

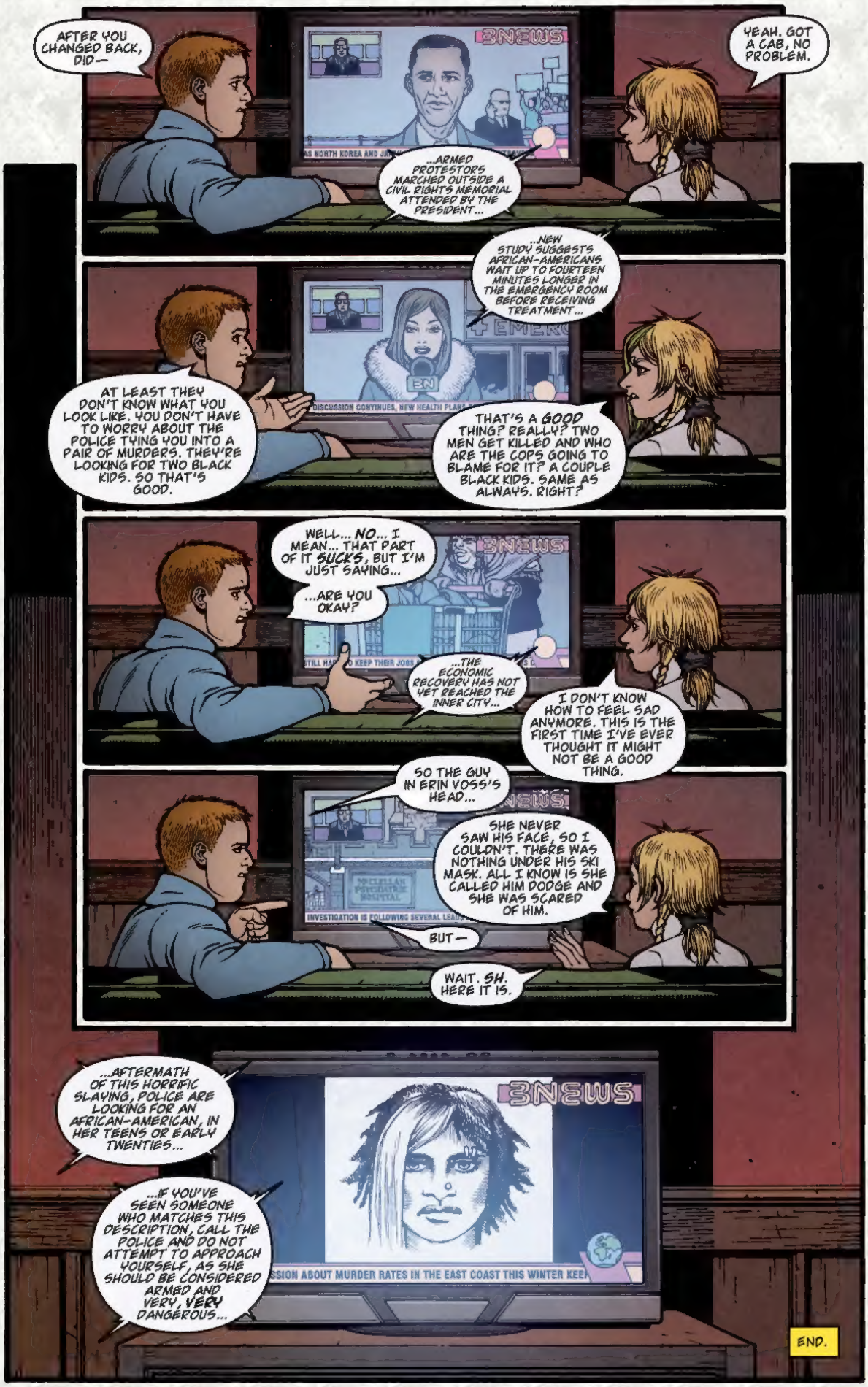

E-BUT... THERE'S NOTHING IN HERE. IT'S JUST... IT'S JUST...
...WHITE.

DODGE

PENFELL

NOTHING IN THERE, EXCEPT... WHO THE HELL IS THIS?
DODGE DODGE.
DODGE... DODGE IS A PERSON? AND WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING TO HIM?
WAIT. I GET IT. YOU CAN'T REMEMBER THINGS. THOUGHTS GO WHITE AND FADE AWAY.
EXCEPT... DOES THAT MEAN THE STUFF IN YOUR HEAD ARE THINGS THAT JUST HAPPENED? DOES THAT MEAN—
OH, SHIT
THIS IS A PRIVATE ROOM. WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HERE, YOUNG LADY?

UHFF!
IF YOU'VE STOLEN ANYTHING—
—AAAAAAAAA AAHHH GOD! GOD HELP HELP GOD HELP!
"NO ONE PULLED OVER. I PROBABLY WAVED AT FIVE CABS AND NONE OF THEM STOPPED.
"WE MUST'VE RUN SIX BLOCKS BEFORE BODE THOUGHT OF THE MIRROR KEY."
TAXI


AFTER YOU CHANGED BACK, DID—
3NEWS
...ARMED PROTESTORS MARCHED OUTSIDE A CIVIL RIGHTS MEMORIAL ATTENDED BY THE PRESIDENT...
YEAH. GOT A CAB, NO PROBLEM.
...NEW STUDY SUGGESTS AFRICAN-AMERICANS WAIT UP TO FOURTEEN MINUTES LONGER IN THE EMERGENCY ROOM BEFORE RECEIVING TREATMENT...
AT LEAST THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE. YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE POLICE TYING YOU INTO A PAIR OF MURDERS. THEY'RE LOOKING FOR TWO BLACK KIDS. SO THAT'S GOOD.
THAT'S A GOOD THING? REALLY? TWO MEN GET KILLED AND WHO ARE THE COPS GOING TO BLAME FOR IT? A COUPLE BLACK KIDS. SAME AS ALWAYS. RIGHT?
WELL... NO... I MEAN... THAT PART OF IT SUCKS, BUT I'M JUST SAYING...
...ARE YOU OKAY?
...THE ECONOMIC RECOVERY HAS NOT YET REACHED THE INNER CITY...
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO FEEL SAD ANYMORE. THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER THOUGHT IT MIGHT NOT BE A GOOD THING.
SO THE GUY IN ERIN VOSS'S HEAD...
SHE NEVER SAW HIS FACE, SO I COULDN'T. THERE WAS NOTHING UNDER HIS SKI MASK. ALL I KNOW IS SHE CALLED HIM DODGE AND SHE WAS SCARED OF HIM.
BUT—
WAIT. SH. HERE IT IS.
...AFTERMATH OF THIS HORRIFIC SLAYING, POLICE ARE LOOKING FOR AN AFRICAN-AMERICAN, IN HER TEENS OR EARLY TWENTIES...
...IF YOU'VE SEEN SOMEONE WHO MATCHES THIS DESCRIPTION, CALL THE POLICE AND DO NOT ATTEMPT TO APPROACH YOURSELF, AS SHE SHOULD BE CONSIDERED ARMED AND VERY, VERY DANGEROUS...
END.

S M T W F
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19 20 21
26
IN 2 MONTHS #3
KEYS TO THE KINGDOM
LOCKE & KEY

IDWORDS

News from the nerve center of IDW Publishing

IDW PUBLISHING IN OCTOBER: COUNTING DOWN

Dispatches from IDW's Chief Creative Officer, Chris Ryall

It's one of those things that seems so obvious, you wonder how we've never done it before.

It's October, the time for leaves to jump off the trees in fright over the approaching Halloween holiday. And here we have the Ghostbusters, who under our banner have been scattered across time and space, faced down fans at a comic convention, even dealt with a spirit's broken heart… but somehow they've never tackled ghosts during All Hallows Eve until now.

This month sees the release of our final holiday-themed Ghostbusters tale, "What in Samhain Just Happened?!" where the 'Busters—Janine in particular—head into a haunted house only to find things aren't what they seem. (Are they ever?) **Peter David** and **Dan Schoening** tell the tale.

If that's not enough in the way of Halloween-related material, the second issue of the *Famous Monsters of Filmland* revival comes your way, and under the **Guy Davis** cover, you'll find features on **Clive Barker**'s *Nightbreed*, **Joe Hill**, and much more; also, Spike goes it alone—well, away from Angel, anyway, but not quite alone—in his new series by the acclaimed Whedonverse team of **Brian Lynch** and **Franco Urru**; you can also visit *Silent Hill* once again, in the form of an all-new miniseries by upcoming SH videogame writer **Tom Waltz** and painter **Menton3**; **Steve Niles** and artist **Kelley Jones** unveil the creepy and atmospheric *Edge of Doom*; MGM's horrific classic *Motel Hell* is reimagined; and finally, a 10th-anniversary edition of **Phil Hester** and **Mike Huddleston**'s masterful *The Coffin* is released just in time for the Day of the Dead.

For those who prefer to imagine horrific imagery yourselves, we're releasing *Classics Mutilated*, a prose anthology of monster-lit, featuring bizarre mashed-up fare from the likes of **Joe R. Lansdale**, **Nancy Collins**, **John Shirley**, and even the guy writing this column.

I'm also very excited to see **Darwyn Cooke**'s masterful Parker series return this month, with the long-awaited follow-up to his first graphic novel, the Eisner Award-winning *Parker: The Hunter*. The second hardcover in the planned four-book series, *Parker: The Outfit*, is released this month and it's again fully a Darwyn Cooke tour de force. You saw the oversize *The Man With the Getaway Face* preview, and now you can read the entire 160-page tale.

In the worlds of the TRANSFORMERS and G.I. JOE, there's something special happening in each: first, in *G.I. Joe Origins*, award-winning creator **David Lapham** (*Stray Bullets*) comes aboard for a four-issue storyline. And over Cybertronian way, we're releasing an all-new book-length graphic novel to tie in with the all-new, *Transformers: Prime* animated series.

There's much more to say, of course, but I'll try to keep it simple. In fact, just one word should sum up another book we're very excited about:

KHAAAAAAAAAAAAAN!

Happy Halloween, everyone. See you next month.

Chris Ryall

IDW

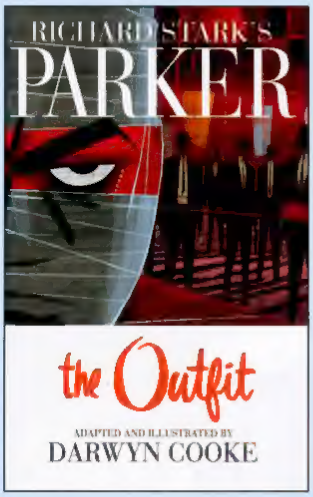
OCTOBER RELEASES FROM IDW PUBLISHING

COMICS • COMICS • COMICS • COMICS • COMICS • COMICS • COMICS • COMICS

- Angel #38
- Angel vs Frankenstein II
- Doctor Who #16
- Edge of Doom #1
- Ghostbusters Holiday Special: What in Samhain Just Happened?!
- G.I. Joe #23
- G.I. Joe: A Real American Hero #159
- G.I. Joe: Cobra #9
- G.I. Joe: Origins #20
- Jurassic Park #5
- Kill Shakespeare #6
- Last Unicorn #5
- Locke & Key: Keys to the Kingdom #2
- MGM Midnight Movies: Motel Hell #1
- The Murder of King Tut #5
- Mystery Society #5
- Phoenix Without Ashes #3
- Silent Hill: Past Life #1
- Spike #1
- Star Trek: Captain's Log: Jellico One-Shot
- Star Trek: Khan: Ruling in Hell #1
- Strange Science Fantasy #4
- Transformers #12

Bi-Weekly Books

- Transformers: Drift #3
- Transformers: Drift #4
- Transformers: Sector 7 #2
- True Blood #4
- Witch & Wizard: Operation Zero #5



GRAPHIC NOVELS
ART BOOKS • SPECIAL COLLECTIONS

- Archie: 7 Decades of America's Favorite Teenagers HC
- Bloom County: Complete Library, Vol. 2 S/N edition HC
- Bloom County: Complete Library, Vol. 3 HC
- Captain Excelsior TPB
- Classic Jurassic Park, Vol. 1 TPB
- Classics Mutilated TPB
- Classics Mutilated Presents: Joe R. Lansdale's Dread Island HC
- Coffin: 10th Anniversary Edition HC
- Doctor Who, Vol. 2: Tesseract TPB
- Falling for Lionheart TPB
- Famous Monsters of Filmland #252
- GI Joe: Special Missions, Vol. 2 TPB
- Locke & Key: Head Games TPB
- Parker: The Outfit HC
- Rocketeer: The Complete Deluxe Edition–O/A HC
- Silent Hill Omnibus–2nd printing TPB
- Star Trek: Leonard McCoy, Frontier Doctor TPB
- Star Trek: Movie Adaptation TPB
- Transformers: 'Bots of Science TPB
- Transformers: Prime TPB
- Witch & Wizard: The Battle for Shadowland HC

Comments, questions, suggestions, complaints, gripes, etc. are appreciated. Feel free to send any correspondence to letters@idwpublishing.com or IDWords, 5080 Santa Fe Street, San Diego, CA 92109. You can also join in the hullabaloo on our message boards at idwpublishing.com.